

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

VOLUME LXI

Published Every Thursday
at 98 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1932

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 1

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1930, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

Immortal Love

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-dying sea!

No offering of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His Love for love.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with 'groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
I know not where His islands lift,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled ear;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift,
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Canine Heroes of the Great War

By Ernest Harold Baynes

It is natural that of all the animals used by the Allies in the Great War dogs should have been the keenest, the most anxious to help, for no other animal on earth has the intelligent, unselfish love that is the impelling motive for everything that a free dog does for a man. There is virtually nothing within the limits of his strength that a dog will not do for his master, if he understands what is required of him; and his understanding is capable of great development.

War dogs were used in many capacities—as messengers, as auxiliary sentries, as patrolmen and sometimes as actual combatants; as draft animals in the transport, in the mail service and with the machine guns; as pack animals to carry ammunition, food or medical supplies in circumstances where larger animals would have been useless; and as guards, watchmen and detectives to insure the safety of property of almost every description.

The British war dogs, which were the first I had an opportunity to observe, were trained chiefly for messengers, auxiliary sentries and watchmen.

Many English messenger dogs did splendid work in France, but perhaps none performed more important service than Tweed, a bob-tailed sheep dog on duty with a Scotch-Canadian regiment at Arras, in 1918. The Germans broke through and cut off the British front line, and had they gone only a little farther, would probably have captured the town. Three dogs were sent to the headquarters of the French Colonials, three kilometers back, with the message: "Send up reinforcements and small round ammunition." Tweed ran through the German barrage and arrived first in ten minutes. The French were sent up, and straightening out the lines, saved Amiens from the Germans.

Although that was undoubtedly Tweed's most important service, he did valuable work on many other occasions. Once when a battalion of Australians had moved forward and were in a tight position they had great trouble with their messenger service. Their wires were destroyed; no human runner could cross the open in the daytime, and pigeons were not dependable at night. They sent for Tweed; they knew that he would go through if any dog could. He made three successful night runs for them, all important, and one of them very important. On that occasion he was out with a patrol that discovered that the enemy was planning a raid. A few minutes later Tweed was speeding through the darkness with the message, "The Germans are preparing for a raid." And that was one of the raids which didn't occur.

Later Tweed was detailed to serve with the Canadians at Passchendaele, and one night his battalion was ordered to move up and support the Third Division. The trenches were very wet, and Tweed did much for the comfort of the men when he carried back the simple message, "Moving forward

tonight. Send socks for men and some SOS lights."

A speedy messenger, and perhaps the most dependable of them all, was Little Jim, officially known as Numler Thirty-six. Jim was not a thoroughbred; he was just several kinds of good dog. Jim was no more afraid of the noise of the bursting shells and the whine of machine gun bullets than he was of the skylarks that were sometimes heard singing in the midst of a barrage. His speed, especially for a small dog, and over rough ground, was said to be almost unbelievable. I asked a soldier who had once seen him coming from the front lines to headquarters to describe the scene for me. "Why," said the man, "there's nothing to describe. I didn't really see a dog at all; I just saw a black streak and the men shouted, 'There goes Little Jim.'"

Poor Paddy, a staunch Irish terrier, seemed to be a favorite of misfortune. He had hardly come out of the hospital when he was gassed again in the front lines seventeen miles from "home." How he got back, no one will ever know, but his keeper, MacLeod, found him lying in his kennel totally blind. He was far from being deaf, however, and eventually he recovered both his eyesight and his health. The last I heard of him he had gone with the infantry almost to the top of Passchendaele Ridge. An officer and a runner took him with them when they went to search a farmhouse. A German rushed out and shot the dog, which was left for dead. But he wasn't dead—not quite. For hours he lay there in the rain, but at last he regained consciousness, and, though weak from loss of blood, he crawled back to Brigade Headquarters and "reported." His keeper was sent for, and he came. Whether he succeeded in once more restoring his dog to health I never heard.

When Villers-Bretonneux was captured in August, 1918, two Welsh terriers, Lloyd and Whitefoot, fled back to headquarters across the shell-torn ground. In ten minutes Lloyd arrived with the message, "Our objective has been taken," and almost on his heels came Whitefoot with the order, "Send stretcher bearers and R. A. M. C. men." Good little dogs they were, and so dependable that when General Taylor went to visit his battalions in the line he took one of them, Whitefoot, with him to carry the intelligence reports to Brigade Headquarters. Seven long runs in succession the dog made, until the rough going and the gas together made his feet so sore that he had to be laid up for repairs. Only once did Lloyd fail to report on time, and then he didn't deliver his message at all. Those who were waiting for him could only guess why he didn't come. They knew he was there, they found; a short time later they were found.

The guard dogs were used to protect munition and other factories, magazines of explosives, forage stores and provision dumps—in short all kinds of places where enemy agents were likely to attempt the destruction of property. The usual method was to attach a dog by a chain to a run wire perhaps made of light steel rope drawn taut between two posts set in front of the area to be guarded. Sometimes such an area would be encircled by a succession of run wires, to each of which was chained a dog that could almost but not quite touch noses with his nearest colleague on either side. It was a bold intruder who would try to pass through a cordon of trained dogs, vigilant, unbreakable, every one of them savagely eager to seize him, and every one of them joining in the chorus that announced to all who could hear that an enemy was trying to invade the sacred precincts that in the name of His Majesty the King they had been ordered to protect. The odds against success were too great to tempt anyone who had not a desire for immediate and violent death.

The British used only a few sentry dogs, but those few did well. One of them serving with a Berkshire regiment was taken out one night on patrol duty. The party had traversed some distance in silence when the dog stopped and began to growl. They halted, but no one could see or hear anything. Nevertheless the officer in charge ordered the men to lie flat. They had scarcely obeyed when out of the darkness loomed an enemy patrol and passed close to them, unaware of their presence. Then without a sound the

grinning Tommies rose and captured them all.

Some sentry dogs sent to an infantry regiment in Egypt prevented what might have been its annihilation. Enemy forces were advancing through a heavy mist, but the dogs were aware of it and gave emphatic warning. Nothing could be seen, but an order was given to fire and keep firing in the direction pointed out by the canine sentries. The approaching forces made their attack, but, thanks to the efficient British fire, it failed, and when the mist cleared away large numbers of enemy dead lay pointedly close to their objective.

For centuries dogs have been used as draught animals in Belgium; so it seems natural that when the war broke out and everything useful was being pressed into service the Belgians did not overlook their staunch harness dogs. The work of those animals in the army consisted of drawing light-running, two-wheeled machine-gun carriages with a Maxim gun mounted in each, ammunition carts to supply the guns, and water carts to carry drinking water to the gunners. Twelve companies of dog-drawn machine guns were used in the Belgian army during the war, and approximately five hundred dogs were drafted to draw these guns and the ammunition wagons and water carts that accompanied them. They were nearly always at the front and did splendid service. They took part in the battles of Liege and Namur, were in action close to Antwerp and Louvain, and assisted in the capture of five hundred prisoners at Aerschot.

The training given auxiliary sentries was very thorough. When the behavior of a dog at a critical moment might decide the question of life or death for a soldier—perhaps for a hundred or a thousand soldiers—it was reasonably important that the dog should not make mistakes. So before he was given great responsibility he underwent a training calculated to develop to the limit all of those fine natural qualities because of which he had been chosen for the work. Indeed even before he was chosen for it most people would have considered him a well-trained animal. That is to say, he already understood and obeyed promptly the orders given to dogs, such as "Come in," "Heel," and "Lie down." It was not until he was under perfect control that his higher education began. Then he took a post-graduate course in sentry work.

It was conducted largely at night—entirely at night in the British War Dog School—for it was to night duty chiefly that he would soon be assigned. At dusk his trainer would take him to some lonely spot and there hide in a trench, a ditch, in a clump of trees or behind a wall perhaps. Other canine

trainees, each a dog of an expert dog, would soon be placed in similar positions far enough apart to prevent the actions of one from having any effect on the others. Presently there would be sounds. Under instructions to represent the enemy, a squad of armed men would pass at some distance, purposely making a clatter with their arms. Perhaps the dog could also smell the intruders or even see them. In any case his trainer would rouse or increase his interest by repeating in a low voice, "Whist!" "Listen!" "Attention!" or some other command to impress on the pupil that he was expected to be watchful. The next "attack" would come from another direction probably, and the third from still another, to show the dog that trouble must be expected from any quarter. That first lesson would be the easiest, and those which followed progressively more difficult. Next evening perhaps there might come an unarmed patrol making much less noise; then two men, and finally one man, who towards the last would crawl stealthily forward with the least possible sound, trying to get as near as he could to the dog without attracting his attention. In the British War Dog School not more than two or three such "attacks" were made in any one night, and in order that the "recruit" might come to his work fresh and fully alert he was kept in a quiet place during the daytime, given a comfortable bed and encouraged to sleep.

As the training progressed the faculties of the pupil became more and more fully developed, and he was able to detect the presence of the "enemy" at greater and greater distances. Careful notes were made of the development; the distances were measured every night. It was not necessary or even desirable that the dog should bark. The moment one attempted to open his mouth to do so the trainer closed the jaws with his hands and made a growl sound to intimate what was required. Very soon the dog would growl instead. But if the sentry was accustomed to dogs, usually he was warned by the dog's actions well before the growling stage was reached—by any one of a dozen signs, such as the movement of the head, muscular tension of the body, the rising of the hair on the neck and the back. Some dogs would warn at a hundred and fifty or two hundred metres; the others only at fifty or sixty. The "record" for the French army was held by El Tango, a Belgian shepherd loaned for the duration of the war by the Baroness Bondelli. According to Megnin, assistant chief of the French War Dog Service, the dog would begin growling at two hundred and eighty and even at three hundred metres. He was so keen and consequently so useful that sometimes he was terribly overworked. In the neighborhood of Metzlar in the Vosges, the battalion of Chasseurs with which he was serving had him on duty for whole nights during a month and a half. In the daytime he was kept in a dugout in the dark. Finally he went all to pieces and was returned to the military kennels, a nervous wreck with rhythmic paralysis of the face. Even in his sleep he kept turning his ears alternately towards imaginary sounds. It required two months of complete rest and careful medical treatment to restore him to health. A few weeks before the end of the war El Tango was lent to the Belgian army, where he was killed in action by a shell splinter after he had given three and a half years of splendid service.

Pertinent Comment

DEAR MR. HODGSON: I am sure all your readers will enjoy the fine editorial in this week's JOURNAL, debunking the Coolidge story in the Washington Post.

It was most unfortunate for all of us in the world of the deaf, that Mrs. Coolidge only knew of oral instruction. Had her experience been obtained in a Combined System school, Gallaudet College primarily, and all of us, who are deaf secondarily, would have profited.

Lincoln, Garfield, and Roosevelt remain the big three of our Presidents because of their signal and helpful contributions to our general welfare. But there is more debunking to be done, as witness the following from last Sunday's Daily News:

"Elmer Harris, the playwright, tells the story of going to an asylum for deaf-mutes on a visitors' day in quest of local color."

There was a dance, the mutes keeping perfect time, even though they could not hear the music. The head doctor suggested that Elmer dance with one, just tapping the girl of his choice on the shoulder and making a motion of pinning her with his hands.

Elmer did, selecting a nice-looking, tall girl, and finding her such a good dancer that he danced several times with her—all, naturally, in deep silence.

He noticed a man on the side-lines watching them anxiously. And after the fifth dance the stranger approached the girl.

"When yer coming home, Hilda?" he asked.

"In a few minutes," she rejoined, to the complete amazement of Elmer, "as soon as I finish dancing with this dummy!"

You will no doubt recognize it as a revamped story that has appeared in various forms for years and years. It is the work of a "press agent," and they must earn their living. I know, because for three years of my life that was my vocation, but I never got off anything as stupid, as idiotic, or as harmful as the above. The idea in this instance is to tout Elmer Harris.

But the harm is in spreading among the hearing, that schools for the deaf, are Asylums and pas-a-pas with our acquisition of knowledge, we also need doctors to care for us.

Apropos of press agents and their work, the other day a well-known actress ran into one of her non-professional friends and was asked: "Were you badly hurt in an auto smash up yesterday?" The actress seemed surprised, but fended with: "I don't know, I have not seen my press agent yet this morning."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.
ALEXANDER L. PACH.

"Bouncing Betty's" Grand Trek

By Andy Mack

(Fourth Installment)

Back on Bill's farm his boss, eccentric as ever, had figured up Bill's wages with a tape measure, calculating wages on the scale of fractions, eventually paying him one half the sum I had earned during a like period under three different bosses.

After getting the battery to "rejuvenate" "Bouncing Betty," we felt it was high time that we traveled to Beeler, about ninety miles northwest of Larned, to get our new tire, besides looking for more work. We had remained far too long in one locality and now the harvest there was almost over.

At dark we left Larned's "great white way," teeming with farmers enjoying their few hours of ease walking down Main Street, greeting old friends. We headed in the direction of Beeler, but a few miles out of town our light suddenly went out, and despite a lot of "trouble shooting" on our part, we could not get the bulbs to function again. To save time, we ran the car into a field and spreading the canvas once more enjoyed a good night's sleep.

After a good breakfast, cooked on the roadside, we discovered that our light bulbs had burned. No wonder they would not work.

About noon we arrived in Beeler, but, unfortunately, my friend's friend was not at his home, having motored to Dodge City. We waited all of that afternoon and toward nightfall Mr. Johnson, for that was the name of my friend's friend, arrived. We were told that my friend had departed a few weeks before. Mr. Johnson happened to run the largest general store in the hamlet of 200 souls, besides possessing the post-office concession and being station agent for the Santa Fe Railroad. We had a late supper and after helping with the dishes were invited to remain for the night.

Early in the morning it rained hard. The next day we secured our new tire and later the same day bought a dozen eggs at the general store for only nine cents. Kansas dirt roads dry quickly, and we departed late in the afternoon with home-made custard pie, cake, cookies, a good lunch and a blessing for a safe journey.

We headed for Northern Kansas. In Ness City Bill had a new "crystal" put in his wrist watch. Around the corner of a garage we managed to buy a spark coil for ten cents and to secure two other tires, along with a tough calfskin hide, which we fastened to the rear of "Bouncing Betty." Gee! That hide would make a good floor mat or table cover for our college room, Bill and I argued.

By nightfall we arrived in Wakeeney, Kansas. An old farmer chased us off his "front yard," saying that there was plenty of room for campers a quarter mile away. Anyhow we managed to sleep amid swarms of gnats, mosquitoes and other pests.

The following morning a search of the County Building and the County Agent failed to unearth any labor mart. In our haste to get to town, we once again lost our hats from the back seat. Not having any particular destination, we retraced our steps and hunted for our hats without any degree of success. Thereafter we were "off hats," although as events were to turn out we were to be in greater need of hats than ever.

Nothing remained except to take the word of the people along the countryside, to go north for work. All efforts to unearth labor at county seats were unsuccessful, with always a reply to this end, "Go North, harvesting is finished here."

Oakley, Golby, and Atwood were passed without success. With the few miles separating us from Nebraska quickly covered, we arrived in the new state just as the sun went down. Yes, gasoline tax here was four cents per gallon and the roads in the worst condition imaginable.

We did not go very fast, but indeed fast enough to raise clouds of dust behind us that looked like a smoke screen. As the first rays of twilight appeared, "Bouncing Betty" rolled down the paved road into the nice town of McCook, Nebraska. Our search for a campsite led us, up on top of a bluff outside of town beyond

the railroad viaduct. Our hunger appeared, we quickly went to sleep.

In the morning we could not find any wood. Nebraska is a prairie state, fine for its corn, but you have to walk half a mile to get enough combustible fuel of any kind with which to build a fire to warm two drops of water. In the end I managed to find a railroad tie fencepost no longer in use. I cut this up and used part for our breakfast fire, placing the rest of the wood on our running board for future use. In our whole voyage, breakfast was usually a simple meal with corn meal, while flower or graham-meal mush, cocoa, bread and raisins and eggs and milk. Being simple lads, ice-cream sodas and candy were out of question.

McCook, Nebraska, is a beautiful city set out in the center of the prairies and dust region. Spotlessly clean and quiet, this small town, with its rows of beautiful residences and spacious lawns, appealed to me in particular. Beauty in itself is appropriate and has a place, but what we were after at that time was labor, earnest and honest labor, with wages to thrust into our pockets.

Outside of McCook, we left the wheat belt and saw corn, large fields of tall green corn, swaying before the slight wind. We were too inexperienced to know that almost all of Nebraska is a corn country and that our services would not be in demand. We started to hear rumors that there was no work further north.

Half-way to North Platte, at Maywood, a small village, we were given full proof of the situation. At a service station we got quite chummy with the attendants, and in return they told us the truth insofar as they knew: "Kansas' harvest was over, Nebraska's crop after a late frost, a bad rain and finally a hot spell, was a failure, and South Dakota's harvest had been played havoc with by hordes of grasshoppers."

Then we were off on a "wild goose chase," as might be readily and logically said by a keen observer. The gas station attendants pointed out that only that morning a much more "balky Ford" than ours had halted in that vicinity when it ran out of gas. The men, Kansas farm lads, out of both money and luck, had attempted to return to their respective homes, after finding the Nebraska harvest a failure.

Some kind-hearted gas station owners each had donated some gasoline to take the men a step closer to their homes. With such a tale staring us in our eyes—was the same thing going to happen to us, we wondered? To cut matters short, we secured some chalk, and while I did the talking, Bill decorated the car in the manner he liked best—to herald to the world that we were from Gallaudet College and Washington, D. C.; first, and from New York and California, our respective states, after that. In our hurry to leave college we had forgotten to lay in a supply of chalk from the classroom.

By the time we were ready to leave Maywood, we had decided to let Nebraska's and Dakota's harvests get along without us—for we were going to California, yes, to Sunny Southern California.

We proceeded to North Platte, Nebraska, a rough and tough and dirty dust-laden cattle town, so hot that the water never boiled, but the steam constantly escaped through the overflow pipe.

(To be continued)

In a speech, the Director of the Budget at Washington said:

"The General Supply Committee, instead of buying piecemeal, made a definite quantity purchase of paper clips—those rather indispensable desk conveniences—saving \$3,280. If we can supplement that with a crusade to limit the use of those clips to the purposes intended, and use less for bobbed hair holders, pipe-cleaners, watch chains, ear removers, shirt-sleeve adjusters, Ford repair part, toothpicks, bachelor buttons, cuff links, and toys to use while telephoning, we can add something to that saving."

I don't think a much of a man who is not wiser to day than he was yesterday.—Abraham Lincoln.

Etiquette in Persia

The Persians are exceedingly generous with money, says Mr. Thomas Pearson in Asia, but they are miserly enough in matters of prestige. You have to go to Persia to learn the true meaning of that word. I have heard it variously used all my life, but nowhere is it fraught with such awful meaning as in Persia. The proper seating of guests at table, for example, becomes a problem before which even the most valiant quail. In Persia influence and prestige cluster around the centre of the board; those seated at the ends may consider themselves lucky to have been invited at all. A guest quite properly resents being seated below someone whom he considers his inferior and often prefers to remain at home rather than submit to the indignity. The proper way to prepare a room for receiving Persians is to place chairs around the room side by side with their backs to the walls. In front of the chairs there should be little tables, possibly one table for every four chairs, and on the tables should be fruit and sweets. No one ever disturbs the artistic arrangement of fruits and sweets, but they are essential to the setting of a banquet. At intervals you will send large trays filled with cups of tea about the room.

The first guests arrive, and, having greeted the host, who sits near the door, they make their way to a far corner, where they sit down and spend the first few minutes in taking in every detail of the room and its furnishings. Then they begin to talk with their neighbors. At intervals more guests come in, and the chairs are filled. Half the fun of a Persian party is watching the other fellow come in. Persians have an interesting habit of remaining seated when a person enters the room, but of bowing and smiling and half rising when the newcomer has taken his chair. The latter acknowledges the courtesy by half rising in unison with the crowd the moment he has touched his chair. This procedure passes the time admirably if you know the game and keep your wits about you. Thus, when a personage enters the room, every one bows and smiles and has a perfectly heavenly time, but when an inconspicuous somebody comes in every one is in deep conversation with his neighbor and pretends not to see.

Once, after some local disaster, a meeting of public-spirited citizens was called for three o'clock to subscribe funds for relief of the victims. I presented myself at what seemed to me the proper time. I was the first to arrive and was ushered out upon the terrace overlooking a famous garden. Around the terrace stood an impressive array of chairs and tables. In due course other persons arrived and chose seats as seemed best to them.

At half past six the next important personage arrived, and the meeting was called to order. After a few appropriate words, the main business of the occasion was taken up. A fine book was passed around on a cushion, and everyone inscribed his name and after it a sum of money. The idea, I had thought, was to write down what you were prepared to give, but it appeared to be rather to write down what you wanted your neighbor to think you could give. The most prominent personages, to whom, of course, the book was passed first, set down such staggering figures to their names that the meeting proved to be a success. How much was actually collected from them I do not know.

Pearce-Schuchardt

Miss Norah Pearce, sister of Mrs. Samuel M. Cocks, of 40 South Washington St., Port Washington, L. I., and Mr. Walter Schuchardt, of Cliffside, N. J., were married in St. Stephen's Church on Saturday, December 19th, at 5 p.m., the Rev. William J. Dietrich officiating. Mrs. Pearce, who was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Samuel M. Cocks, wore a gown of blue silk crepe with hat to match, and a corsage of pink tea roses. Miss Hazel M. Cocks, of Carlton Avenue, as Miss Pearce's maid of honor, wore a gown of coral crepe and a corsage of talisman roses. The best man was Mr. Fred Powers, of White-stone, L. I. After the ceremony a supper was given for the wedding party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cocks. Mr. and Mrs. Schuchardt expect to reside in New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNER, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Happy New Year

This issue begins Volume Sixty-One of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Each volume throughout the long years has embraced fifty-two numbers a year—sometimes fifty-three, as instanced in the year just closed.

The happenings that concern the deaf have been faithfully chronicled. The personal equation has liberally and accurately found space and publicity, insofar as it was helpful to the general welfare, but never to the injury of the class of people whose lives are lived in a handicap of everlasting silence.

So far as humanly possible, the triumphs and successes of the deaf have been told to the world, in order that their abilities might convert the skeptical into admirers, to the advantage of all.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is published for the benefit of the deaf, and anything that might react to their disadvantage is not regarded as fit for its columns.

Proceedings in brief (sometimes in detail) of State and National organizations, have been a prominent feature of this publication, and copies have been mailed to people and places that influence and enlist understanding and effort in behalf of the fairness to which the deaf are entitled—never the maudlin sympathy which is accorded by uninformed sentimentalists. All that the deaf ask, all that they require, is the elimination of prejudice and a fair field without favor.

During the year 1930, the National Association held a convention that marked the fiftieth year of its existence, in the City of Buffalo, N. Y., which brought together over three thousand of the deaf. They were well-dressed, vivacious and intelligent, and made a good impression upon the public, who marvelled that a people so oppressed by the affliction of soundless lives could be so bright, so happy, and so capable.

In Boston during July, 1931, upwards of two thousand men, welded together by fraternal ties of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, astounded the public when it was learned that they numbered in membership a total of over seven thousand, in one hundred and eight Divisions (or lodges), distributed proportionately in every State of the United States. Every member of this aggregation had passed a medical examination, and been vouched for as possessing good character, before affiliation had been permitted.

The features of both the above major organizations were widely promulgated by the public press.

In the various centers of population the deaf people have clubs and societies that do an incalculable amount of good, affording recreation and intelligent pleasure to a class shut out from all the ordinary entertain-

ment afforded to normal hearing persons.

In the matter of religion, that affords spiritual comfort, almost every sect is represented and cared for by missionaries and ministers of their own creed.

To obtain really competent teachers has always been a problem for the heads of the public schools for the deaf. But during the present year a forward step has been taken by the superintendents and principals, whereby all aspirants are examined and given a certificate of competence in varied grades. This would seem to assure pedagogical fitness for future appointees.

At all of the larger schools, periodicals are printed, which concentrate upon the sections where the schools are situated. They do good work by disseminating an exchange of opinions, and also by their influence upon the young by encouraging the reading habit.

This newspaper always welcomes pertinent comment, requiring only that writers observe common courtesy, such as is considered proper in public debate. Writers should avoid shallow mutterings and fault-finding flippancy in controversy.

Starting on a New Year, the endeavor will be to keep up the standard of reliability that has always characterized the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Poem by Dr. J. S. Long Published

DUTTONS INCLUDE "THE FAMILY MAN AS A POET" IN "FATHER" ANTHOLOGY

Council Bluffs Nonpareil

Dr. J. Schuyler Long, principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf, has been honored by having one of his poems, "The Family Man as a Poet," reproduced in a 210-page collection of verse just published by E. P. Dutton & Company of New York, under the title "Father—an Anthology of Verse."

This book is a choice selection of poems on the head of the household. The poem from Dr. Long's pen was taken from his book, "Out of the Silence," which is a collection of his own poems compiled several years ago.

Dr. Long is also the author of "The Sign Language, a Manual of Signs." This book is considered an authority on the sign language as used by the deaf of America, and it has a wide circulation. Orders for copies of this book have come from such distant countries as China, Japan, Australia and Syria.

At the present time Dr. Long is making arrangements with his publishers for a new and revised edition of his verses to include a group of poems he has written since "Out of the Silence" came out.

"The Family Man as a Poet," follows:

My poetic fancy wanders into thoughts of measured rhyme
And I see my songs go marching downward through the halls of time
In an ecstasy of vision I sit down and try to write
While my thoughts go soaring upward in a frenzy of delight
But before I get them marshalled comes a baby's pleading cry
"Papa, take me; I'm so sleepy."
And I take her with a sigh.

Presently she's soundly sleeping and I lay her gently down;
Then I turn to my forsaken paper, forcing back a frown,
While I thrust my nervous fingers into my disheveled hair,
Vainly hoping that I'll find my scattered thoughts regathered there.

When I quiet down to thinking and I turn again to write,
Comes a childish voice and whispers, "Papa, kiss me now good-night."

All are sleeping now. The room's deserted and I fondly count
That I'm now at peace; so truant Pegasus again I mount.
Now my fancy lingers, coming slowly, then returns again,
And the words begin to muster at the bidding of my pen.

But before a line is written comes another nervous shock,
And a voice calls sweetly downward, "Don't forget to wind the clock."

Detroiters Have Narrow Escape

Morris Purviance and Arthur M. Hinch, two prominent members of Detroit's deaf colony, were seriously injured early in the morning of December 26th, when their car struck a tree at a curve on Lafayette Boulevard. Due to the city's economy program, the street lights were turned out at midnight, and even while they are on, it is difficult to see these curves at night. The car first struck an iron street-sign pole, which lessened the impact with the tree. This same tree bears many scars from previous collisions, yet there is no danger signal at this point.

Both men are in critical condition with fractured skulls, broken knee caps and cuts on the face. Hinch also has internal injuries and Purviance a broken leg. The accident

has cast a pall of gloom over Detroit, but both are receiving the best of special care under orders of their employers, the Detroit News and Gregory, Mayer & Thom. Besides a host of friends who are anxious for their recovery, Miss Louise Hinch, accompanied by her mother, came from Wisconsin to see her father, and Mrs. Purviance is in constant attendance.

"Music That the Minstrels Never Gave"

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."
—Merchant of Venice.

Not long ago I was given a questionnaire to fill out. One question was: "Are you musical?" I am totally deaf and have not heard a single sound since I was seven years old, yet I answered that question in the affirmative.

True, we deaf people have no use for the phonograph, the radio or the opera. Nor do we play musical instruments. But we feel most noises, and there are many of us who can enjoy, by feel, that artistic grouping of sound waves into measured intervals of time and tune, which is called music.

At home, there is daily piano practice. I feel the vibrations along the floor and walls of the house, and often I stand still and "listen," for the pleasure of it. Sometimes there is singing, and it is difficult to describe the delightful sensation afforded by that combination of feeling the piano and seeing the singing. I talk and read lips, so I am well-educated with the spoken word, in speech and in song. With my eyes on the singer's lips, I "see" the ebb and flow of the voice, while my hand feels the corresponding action by the piano. Sometimes I join in the singing, but I prefer to sing silently to myself, and abandon myself to the delightful sense of harmony and rhythm that comes to me through my eyes and hand. Sometimes I do not get the words themselves, but this does not always matter to me.

My acquaintance with musical instruments is necessarily limited. I know best the piano, the organ and the violin, and perhaps I am influenced by impressions I received before I lost my hearing. There nearly always has been a piano in our home. An aunt had an organ, and something must have "come from the soul of the organ and entered into mine," for even now, after some thirty years of silence, I still thrill inwardly at the sight or thought of an organ—in memory, I hear again the delightful peals of sound that rolled forth from my aunt's old organ.

My father used to play the violin a great deal when I was a child. Many an evening, he and a neighbor would get together and play duets, which have left an indelible impression on me. Now I cannot but reverently place a finger on a violin that is being played and instantly I am transported to another world. The whole body thrills as with the sensation you have when you dream of playing—as if having lifted yourself by your own bootstraps! There is the sensation of lifting higher and higher into a "tremulous susceptibility"—the notes seem to come so high, sharp and so piercing clear they almost hurt, like air too pure for breath! I love the violin!

Another source of music thrills is a passing parade with band music. The combined effect of such of the musical instruments as can be felt, the boom of the big brass drum looming over all, and the rhythm of the marching feet, is such that I want to shout and cry at the same time! Dancing figures also appeal to me.

Of course, there is a vast world of music that we can never know. Perhaps the little we do get comes but imperfectly, and this not without more or less tireless conscious effort on our part. Too often it is like—

"A troubled star
Pretending music that is never played"

Not all of us are susceptible to music by feel, any more than all people with ears are musical. But there are many of us who can truly enjoy music and be moved by it to the highest pitch of emotion, even if we do not hear a single sound. We feel it.

When I am music-hungry and all other sources are lacking, I read poetry. A single line of poetry may be sheer music in itself, and a poem of such lines becomes a "symphony of Symphonies," which echoes—and re-echoes—over the gulf of Silence, and I am no longer deaf, for the time being. "Unheard music is sweeter."

Or, if I will, I see the "poetry of motion" that abounds everywhere on our aged old Mother Earth. As our well loved deaf poet, Dr. J. Schuyler Long, of Iowa, expresses it in two verses from his poem, "The Poetry of Motion"—

"Though we deaf can hear no music from
In the harmony of motion there are songs
That nature sings.
And there's music all around us if we have
The eyes to see,
And although we cannot hear it, we can
Feel its melody."

In the poetry of motion, there's music if one sees;
In the soaring birds above us, there are
Vibrant symphonies.
There is music in the motion of a ship upon
The wave
And the sunshine dancing o'er it, that the
Minstrels never gave."

WILSON MEYERS,
Selma, Cal.

OHIO

A call at the school yesterday found the halls and the rooms quite deserted. The superintendent is housed in the library, while his office is being renovated. We found him busy with callers. He said those few pupils, who were compelled to spend the vacation at school, were given a pleasant Christmas. Superintendent and Mrs. Abernathy had the former's mother with them for Christmas and a few days.

We went to the Chronicle office in quest of news, but found little of interest to relate. Messrs. Kennedy and Anderson showed the new Kluge press recently put into the shop. They also demonstrated its work. It is a fine machine, and the Chronicle office is rightly proud to have it. After it is started, it needs no further attention, as it is self feeding.

Mrs. William Murphy, of Columbus, got up a surprise on her husband for his birthday, December 18th. About twenty-five friends filled their home, and after enjoying games, a good feast was served. Mr. Murphy was presented with a fine fountain pen, and as the date proved to be a wedding anniversary for the happy couple, a cake dish and cover were given as a reminder of the day. Thus both were surprised.

Two of our teachers, Miss M. Westervelt and Miss M. Sekyra, have completed courses in general troop management for Girl Scouts, and will after the opening of school organize a troop for the girls at our school.

Some one told me that the Chronicle office now had a moose walking around in it. We found the moose to be Mr. Arthur Anderson, a teacher, in the office, who had lately become a member of the Order of the Moose.

We heard that the Zells spent a few days in Dayton to visit Mrs. Zell's brother, Mr. E. Artz, who has been very ill for some time. Mr. Artz is a prominent business man of Dayton.

A call at 993 Franklin Avenue, found Mr. A. B. Greener reading his latest copy of the JOURNAL. He took us into the living room to view the result of Santa's visit. Mr. Greener is now well supplied with neckties, suspenders and cigars. Mr. Greener is looking well and as active as ever. He says he can't find time to do all he wants to do.

Mr. Frederick Moore entertained sixteen persons at cards December 18th, using the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Kennedy for the affair. It was a very pleasant gathering and a most delicious lunch was served. Mrs. Moore has not yet returned from Iowa, but will soon be able to take up her home duties again, it is hoped.

Mr. Jacob Showalter is enjoying a month's rest in Auburn, Ala., with his son and family.

Mr. John Fryfogel and Mr. Jos. Arnold, employees at the school, spent the Christmas recess with their home folks, the former near Alliance and the latter in Seneca.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Jacobson have moved from Lakeview Avenue, in the extreme northern part of Columbus, to 44 Wilson Avenue, and now I can claim them for neighbors, as they are only two blocks distant from my home.

Miss Susie Pfunder, of Hartford, Conn., spent the Christmas week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pfunder, of Akron. This is the daughter's first visit at home since accepting a position in Hartford in 1930.

The Board of the Gallaudet College Club, Akron, entertained the members December 19th, at cards. After refreshments were served, the following officers were elected for 1932: Mr. Robert Unsworth, president; Mr. A. Classen, vice-president; Mr. Clinton Ensworth, secretary; Mrs. Sam Stakley, treasurer; and Mr. W. Roller, custodian.

At the entertainment at Grace Mission, Akron, December 12th, Mr. B. M. Schowle thrilled the audience with a fine reading, and Mr. G. Barron and Mr. H. Newman rendered a humorous dialogue. Some movies were shown and then the children present were treated to candy and oranges.

The Akron Silent Sunday School had a special program on December 20th, with recitations and signing of hymns. Candy was given to all in attendance.

Miss Florence Swank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swank, of St. Mary's, underwent an operation for an abscess in a Lima hospital recently. The abscess was caused from a bruise she received in a tennis game. She had been ill since early in November. At present she is much improved.

A Dayton writer reports employment conditions in Dayton to be about the same as it has been for the past year. Among the deaf workers, wages have been cut and only part time work given to many; yet all have managed to live within their incomes and no cases of dire need have been reported. This speaks well for the Dayton deaf.

We saw in one paper that the deaf in California are now required to have three mirrors installed in their cars—one inside and one on each side of the car. From the numerous accidents reported daily and the careless driving one sees on our streets, we think many hearing folks need a dozen mirrors to aid them.

CHICAGO

Packed to the rafters with 178 cash customers—some fifty more outside unable to get in—the Troy Hill films shown at the historic Pas-Pas Club on the 27th netted \$24.45 for Chi-first frat's "relief fund." And also dumbfounded divers and several parties who were warning "them that fillums are punk."

Hill's six reels, and two reels of Boston convention scenes made by Max Lubin of New York, took a little over two solid hours to unroll. Scheduled for starting at eight o'clock, the performance not only amazed all by starting punctually on the hour of eight—in contrast to the Chicago tradition that all socials must start thirty minutes to one hour late—but even got underway fifteen minutes early when the hall filled.

Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher, wife of the evening's chairman, introduced the tall Texan in manner fitting. Hill made a few appropriate remarks, then recited a sad cowboy poem, "Lasca," attired in cowboy togs, 45-calibre Colt, and all. Mrs. Ladislaus Cherry gave Meagher's latest sign-song, entitled "Chi-First Frats." And then, exactly at eight the film began.

Hill's introduction, on the film, bespoke a desire to portray different lines of industrial endeavor—in hopes it might open the way to a wider variety of deaf-mute employment. Joe Moore, the world's only deaf oil-driller, was shown drilling in the Texan oil fields, and explaining the whys of the various "drills." Floyd Rutledge was shown operating a huge caterpillar tractor on a dangerous construction job near Dallas. Countless other interesting scenes, with flashes of the great and near-great followed—including one of the late Rev. Dr. James Henry Cloud.

Coach Ed Foltz and his American champion football team were shown through several of the season's more important games, winding up with that historic combat with Illinois' unbeaten bunch. This last was a masterpiece, sharp and clear despite the inclement day, and beat most any Hollywood-faked football scrimmage seen yet. Both of Kansas' winning touchdowns were close-ups.

Hill's reel of scenes in and about Boston, and New York's two reels of Boston itself, sent the jammed house into frenzies as prominent local silents were recognized.

Mrs. Fredo Hyman's punch-bowl assuaged the thirsty crowd. "Who said there is a depression?" was asked, this being the town's largest outpouring of the season. Hill's films certainly made good, if the average sentiment is to be relied on, and will probably be engaged instantly if he ever makes the circuit again. He paid \$10 rental for the Boston films, on expectation two other cities would book him, but that fell through, and he probably lost money on the tour.

Hill arrived Christmas night, and spent three days in town as guest of the Meaghers. He was taken to most of the prominent sights, visited the Bell & Howell plant—makers of the projector he uses (at least two silents work there) saw Frat headquarters and the Home for Aged Deaf, etc. He left on the 11:30 train right after his Sunday showing, being scheduled to display the films in Memphis, Tenn., Monday; Little Rock, Ark., Tuesday; and resume work Wednesday morning.

A quiet, pleasing personality, fearless and energetic, Hill seems destined to rise in our ranks especially as he takes the Texas bar examinations next June, after studying law in spare time for several years, and becomes a lawyer.

The first deaf-mute to be "taken for a ride" was found with ten bullets in his body, at dawn December 22d. The body had been stripped of every identification mark except a name hidden in the trousers, and was accordingly identified as being Walter Schressler, or Sill, age 35, who recently came to Chicago Heights from Ohio. He had been bootlegging—as this office had anonymously heard some weeks before his death. Of the ten bullets, one entered the brain, two ripped into the right eye, three more were found in the neck, two penetrated the chest near the heart, while one bullet was found in each arm. He was not a Frat.

Our neighboring city of Rockford—according to its newspapers—is becoming a "traditional rival" of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, in every sport. The St. Thomas high of that city lost to Coach Neesam's W. S. D. on the 19th at basketball—score 29 to 20. And Wisconsin is not using its new center, John Davis of last year's Chicago "Demons," because he is slightly over age. Davis is one whale, and is taking a post-graduate course in expectation of entering Gallaudet College next fall. He originally hailed from the Chicago oral schools. Neesam seems to have all his stars of last year back, and should ride favorite to win the Central States Trophy at Indianapolis, February 19-20. Wisconsin placed second last spring, it will be remembered, and a bitter battle looms.

Ripley recently ran a picture of Marco Antonio, a deaf-mute of E.

Bronx, N. Y., who ran a six-mile cross country race barefooted.

The Cholly Marshalls of Jacksonville Christmased in Texas, making the trip in their new car. Miss Emma Maser is spending a month in her old hometown, Lincoln, Neb. (Between you and me, the Nebraskans are fine folks—but don't you dare let them know I said so.) Miss Mamie Flinn is still in New York City.

The George E. Mortons of South Elgin are spending two weeks with a daughter in Minneapolis.

Madison, Wis., became a lively spot of visits from Chicago, and the main object of the visiting was Mrs. George Eccles (nee Mary Stein). Her husband, George, was, of course, the guest of honor. He stayed over Christmas week-end, returning the following Monday, and feeling happy over the excellent condition in which he found her and her baby.

Misses Flora Herzberg and Esther Budd made a surprise visit to the same person, going over the bus route and returning the same day as George Eccles, though on the different way.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Perry were the other ones that paid her a flying visit. They were visiting Mrs. Perry's sister for a few days over Christmas. They drove back in time to permit Mr. Horace Perry to see the movies staged by Troy Hill, Sunday, December 27th.

Mrs. George Eccles is planning to come back to Chicago by January 10th, after nearly five months.

A large number of the Catholic deaf attended three masses held by Father Cook at the chapel of C. D. C. house on Christmas Day at 7:30, 8 and 8:30 A.M. The audience enjoyed a social time in conversation, after breakfast served in the dining room.

A Christmas festival at the above club house Sunday, December 2d, at 4 P.M., was largely attended. Miss Catherine Kilcoyne gave a hymn "It was the night before Christmas," to amuse all present, followed by Dan Donofrio, janitor of the club house, playing Santa Claus, and distributing bags of candies and nuts and toys to the children from a gaily decorated tree. Then an exchange of gifts was enjoyed by the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hyman made the inmates of the Home for Aged Deaf happy by distributing gifts and candies to them on Christmas Day.

Frank Osonik, who works at the Marshallfield Mart, enjoys living in this city better than at Milwaukee, Wis., where he lived for years.

What this town really needs is a social dictator who will pass on all dates. Over and over two good cards have been set for the same date, with the result neither is a grand success. This time we have two worthy enterprises striving for the coin on January 30th. One is a card party at the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, given by Walter Hodgson and wife (get your tickets in advance, as the issue is definitely limited owing to lack of space.) The other is an Occidental Hall ball and card party, given by the Chicago Silents baseball association— which "went in the red" last summer. Both enterprises merit support; the first as a worthy charity; the second because of the advantageous publicity in a good baseball team we deaf receive. The energetic Abe Migatz is managing it.

A beautiful testimonial was presented on Christmas Day to the widow of Chicago's late leading citizen, Francis P. Gibson. The "memorial resolution" directed by the Boston convention. Illuminated initials on expensive parchment, with hand-tooled seal-grain leather covers, the few pages were redolent with appreciation. It was made by the famous Harris Studios of this place, on orders of President Arthur L. Roberts—as directed by the convention.

Coach Robey Burns of the Illinois school football team—unbeaten until it met Kansas in the national championship game—spent part of the holidays in Chicago. As usual, he was a gold mine of information, and in two hours' chat with one of the writers of this column, "coughed up" enough material to fill a couple of pages. Most of it will keep for later issues, when news is scarce. (If you haven't renewed your subscription, better do it now before the editor stops your paper and you lose a lot of interesting tidings.)

THIRD FLAT,
3348 W. Harrison St.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf
(Protestant Episcopal)
3120 North Sixteenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rev. Warren M. Smalts, M.A., S.T.B.,
Rector, James H. Richards, Lay-Reader.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES
During July, August and September—
Sundays, Morning Prayer, at 10:00 A.M.
Third Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, at 10:00 A.M.

From October to June inclusive—Sundays,
Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday, at 4:15 P.M.

Callers are welcome during office hours on Thursday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. On Saturday evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3226 North Sixteenth Street.

OMAHA

Mrs. Eva Comp, of Olathe, spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Ruth, (Mrs. J. W. Jackson) and family. Evelyn Comp, her other daughter, was married to Mr. Hoge in November.

The Owls were entertained at the Carter Lake home of Mrs. Emma Seely on December 5th. They played bridge on an enclosed porch, with a view of the lake. Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke and Mrs. Harry G. Long won first and second prizes, and all shared in the feast that followed.

Mrs. Edwin M. Hazel won a pretty perfume-set by guessing correctly the number of beans in a jar in a drug store window. A farm and trade festival was being held in Benson, near her home.

Miss Catherine Marks also won an electric toaster during a demonstration at a cooking school.

Miss Mary Dobson, girls' supervisor at the Iowa school, was appointed to take Mrs. Luther Taylor's place as a primary teacher.

Omaha friends were shocked and saddened by news of the tragic ending of John E. Purdum of Chicago. His first wife, we believe, was Mazie Britt, one of the four attractive young women, just a few years out of college, whose lives were claimed by the dread Spanish flu. The others were Winnie Jones Cooper, Gertrude Neldon Kutzleb and Anna Johnson Anderson.

Omaha Division No. 32, N. F. S. D., held a Christmas party for members and their families at the N. S. D., on the night of December 23th. There was a short program, showing the Three Wise Men following the star to the manger. A large crowd was present. Superintendent and Mrs. F. W. Booth were guests. Mr. Booth made a speech to "his children," as he called them. Mr. Nielson, an employee of the school, made a splendid Santa Claus, and was great admired by the children. In one corner was a large Christmas tree, gaily decorated, and at its base was a pile of gifts for both children and grown-ups. Oranges, apples, nuts and candy were distributed. A goose was won by James R. Jelinek, who held the lucky number, and ducks were also won by Messrs. Clayton, Hazel, Albert Johnson, Hittsweh, Treuke, Tubrick, Palmer, Holway and Mullin. Each of the other Frats received a live chicken, also Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship and Mrs. Edith O'Brien, two of the original Aux-Frats since 1915.

The affair was engineered by Ziba L. Osmun, chairman, Oscar Treuke and Hans Neujahr. It was the biggest treat the Division ever gave and proved a great success.

Chris P. Jensen and his mother have moved from Hampton, Neb., to Marquette. He had to give up farming on account of ill health.

Floyd and Walter Zabel, of Western, Neb., were in Omaha, Saturday, December 12th, to attend the Frat supper, and the regular meeting which followed. They were the guests of Albert L. Johnson, and left Tuesday, December 15th. At the December meeting, the following were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edwin M. Hazel; Vice-President, C. Millard Bilger; Secretary, Robert W. Mullin; Treasurer, Nick P. Peterson; Senior Trustee, James R. Jelinek; last trustee, Robert E. Dobson; Director, Edmund Berney, and Sergeant-at-Arms, F. Arthur Clayton.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Jelinek have entered their seven months' old daughter, Mary Aileen, in a baby contest. Jinn is a "proud papa," if there ever was one.

With football a thing of the past, basketball is the most conspicuous sport among high schools and colleges these days. Keen rivalry exists between the Nebraska School for the Deaf, champs of 1930-1931, and their rivals for the crown in 1932. The season opened December 8th, with a game against the Omaha Silents, a picked team of Alumni and others. Among them was Robert Pettit, last year's big supporter on the N. S. D. team. To see the Silents fighting hard was amusing. Millard Bilger, captain of the Silents, was so desperate that he ran against a radiator, and tumbled over, tearing two ligaments in his leg. He walked with crutches for a while. The N. S. D. boys played a good game and won, 27 to 14. Below is the line-up of the silents: Millard Bilger, captain; Nick Peterson, manager; Oscar M. Treuke, coach; and Messrs Charles and Robert Pettit, Victor Beran, Cornelius Kelly, Dale Paden, Joe Purpura, Hans Neujahr and Edmund Berney. They will play the Kansas City Silents late in February at Kansas City. On December 11th, the N. S. D. played a hard-fought game with the Mead, Neb., High School boys. Not forgetting two defeats of last year, the Mead basket-ers determined to avenge themselves and having no football schedule this season, they practiced day in and day out and finally gave the N. S. D. its first defeat. They broke the champs' long winning streak. It was the first game the N. S. D. has lost since 1929, having thirty-one straight games to their credit. A team cannot keep winning forever; so cheer up, Nebraska lads, you can win the rest of the games and still retain the flag. Selah!

Charles Hittsweh, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Lutheran Memorial Hospital, is now recuperating at the N. S. D., and will soon be able to resume his duties as boys' supervisor.

HAL AND MEL.

NEW YORK

New items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

WEDDING BELLS

Last Sunday, December 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Jacobs, Misses Martha Brown and Florence Stamm, Mr. Louis Goldwasser and Leopold Epstein left New York City for Philadelphia, to be witnesses at the marriage of Miss Dorothy Light, a native of Philadelphia, but a resident of New York City for over four years, to Mr. Bernard Teitelbaum, of Pittsburgh.

The wedding took place in a temple in the afternoon with Dr. Felix Nash, officiating at the ceremony. Mrs. Nash was there, also, and so were Misses Nessa Cohen, Annie Zeidman and her brother, of Philadelphia. Miss Light was garbed in a gorgeous creamy lace dress, with hat and shoes to match. The maid of honor and best man were Miss Ida Light, sister of the bride, and Louis Goldwasser. A wedding feast was enjoyed in a nearby restaurant.

They will make Pittsburgh their home, as Mr. Teitelbaum is a teacher in a deaf school there.

LUTHERAN CHURCH NOTES

A hearty and swell Christmas dinner was given by Mrs. Lucy Peterson, mother of Mrs. Clara Ulmer at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Ulmer, in Woodside, L. I., on Sunday afternoon, December 20th. The guests were Mrs. Margaret Ulmer, mother of Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. George Ulmer and George, Faulhaber, a brother-in-law. His wife had to stay away, on account of his little son's illness at home in New York City.

A social gathering was enjoyed and the guests were taken home in Mr. George Faulhaber's car.

St. Matthew Lutheran Church for the Deaf held a celebrated Christmas service, at 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, December 25th, under the direction of the pastor Arthur Boll, with his Sunday School pupils, who attend Lutheran Parish House, at 145th Street and Convent Avenue, every Friday from Fanwood school. A big Christmas tree with its decorations and illuminated electric colored bulbs stood in the center of the hall.

Miss Tillie Newman stood on the platform alone and sang the hymn of "Come Hither, Ye Faithful." The hymn of "Silent Night, Holy Night," was sung by Miss Anna Schmidt.

Miss Eleanor Lohr signed the hymn "Away in a Manger."

George Luesing, Arthur Geackel and Fred Nelson, Fanwood pupils, who are Lutherans, on the platform sang the hymn of "We Three Kings of Orient Are," signed very well. A box of Christmas candy, a picture of our Lord, a book of Christmas stories, were given to each of the choir by Rev. Arthur Boll. He left for Binghamton, N. Y., after our Santa Claus Party to hold a service for the Deaf in Lutheran Church on Main Street. He will be the guest of Mr. Hoag. From Binghamton, he will visit Schenectady and Albany, N. Y. At Schenectady are two deaf girls of our Sunday School at 145th Street and Convent Avenue, pupils of Fanwood school.

During the meeting of St. Matthew Lutheran Guild for the Deaf on Saturday evening, December 12th, 1931, the following officers for 1932 were elected.

Louis Brooks, President; Oscar Rehling, Vice-President; Fred Schoenwald, Secretary; Miss K. Christgau, Treasurer.

Board of Trustees—John Breden, Jr., Chairman; Mrs. Louis Brooks and John Nesgood.

Executive Board—Erich Berg, H. Borgstrand and John Heil.

Corresponding Secretary, Conrad Ulmer.

Miss K. Christgau has been re-elected as a treasurer of St. Matthew Lutheran Guild for the Deaf for the fifteenth consecutive year.

St. Matthew Lutheran Guild for the Deaf held a Santa Claus Party at St. Luke's Lutheran Church at 46th Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, New York, on Saturday evening, December 26th, 1931, in the Parish Hall, and had a large crowd of attendance and our affair was extremely successful.

The committee, who were in charge, were Miss K. Christgau, Mrs. John Heil, Mrs. Von Pollnitz, Mrs. Louis Brooks, chairlady; Messrs. H. Borgstrand, Clarence Peterson, John Nesgood and Erich Berg.

Mr. Barney Kindel, who was disguised as Santa Claus, distributed plenty of good and useful games to the little children, and presents to members were received from friends.

A Christmas gift was given to Rev. Boll by Santa Claus, on behalf of St. Matthew Lutheran Guild members, and he was delighted to receive it.

Cups of coffee, plain and raisin cakes were the refreshments.

The following are names of winners of the various games played: Rev. A. Boll, for guessing how many candies in a bag.

Richard Pokorny and Ida Lind, for sewing Christmas tree.

Richard Pokorny and Mrs. Clarence

Peterson, for blindfold game with popcorn.

Mr. Gabriel, for guessing how many rolls paper in a package and what kind of paper.

Mrs. H. Borgstrand won in the ball game.

Helen Brooks and H. Koblenz won in the chair race.

Mr. Albert Kadgiehn, who is 82 years of age, has been faithfully going to Lutheran Church for the Deaf regularly every Sunday afternoon, never misses a single Sunday service and has been under the State pension since a year ago. He is still a healthy man, but is out of work for a long time.

The members of the St. Matthew Lutheran Guild for the Deaf wish to extend to the JOURNAL readers a Happy New Year.

Here's some New Year Resolutions submitted to clubs, fraternity members and individuals:

To strive to contribute something to the world, its work and the people in it.

To bestir oneself more energetically to achieve, and to fret less about reward.

To adhere the best you can to the Golden Rule.

To go about your activities with greater cheerfulness.

To be more considerate to others.

To be a good team worker.

To commend more and condemn less.

To be an inspiration, not a wet blanket.

To be more of a helper and less of a hinderer.

To recognize how much you really have.

To talk less and do more.

To try always to see other viewpoints than your own.

To sympathize more with the aims and aspirations of others.

To be not discouraged by past failures.

The Brooklyn crowd had a week of almost nightly parties, culminating in a Watch Night given by Mr. and Mrs. Klopsch at their MacDonough Street apartment. Skits by Mrs. Donovan and Mrs. Schnackenberg. "A Tough Moll and Her Man." Stories and games took up the time until close to the "zero hour," when, with no sorrow, the new year was passed out. A (After) D. (Depression) 1932 was ushered in with confetti, much noise, and well wishing.

Mrs. Klopsch, "Business Lady," surely makes good in the prosaic role of housewife also. Their trim apartment, well arranged and decorated, had a Christmas tree beautifully laid out in a farm scene with miniature animals, trees, etc. The buildings all lighted up. The tree a blaze of tinsel and lights. After a personal appearance in the form of a little man in miniature, which walked almost naturally and represented 1932, obeying the commands of Mrs. Schnackenberg, all were seated at a most bounteous spread. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Allen, Donovan, and Fetscher; Misses Anderson and Williams; Messrs. J. Maier, Anderson, and E. Mayer, and Mesdames Fitzpatrick and Schnackenberg. Each had some part in making the evening most enjoyable.

At the Union League Club this year there were fewer members than ever on New Year's Eve.

Years ago there used to be a Watch Night, and what a big celebration they did have.

Now it's different, instead of assembling at the club, which has many advantages, large space, etc., for the past few years, the custom has been to have small parties at one's home. The entire expenses often is derived from the "Kitty."

The basketball season has started—the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has booked four games so far, as follows:

January 11—At Middletown, N. Y. January 23—At Philadelphia.

January 30—69th Regiment Armory, New York.

February 13—Alhambra Hall, New York City.

All of the above are with deaf-mute teams.

The team of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League will be captained by Benjamin Shafranek, who is also the manager and the chairman of the Athletic Committee, the players being Benjamin Shafranek, Captain; Sam Cohen, Leo Port, M. Moster, A. Goldstein and P. Weiner.

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf held a special meeting on Sunday evening, January 3d, to fill the offices of president and member of the Board for one year. The election resulted as follows: Sol Garson, President; Ben Friedwald, Board Member. A free movie show followed after the election. The annual meeting and installation of the new officers will be held on Sunday afternoon, January 17th, at 2:30 P.M.

On New Year's eve, about twenty guests, who called on Mr. and Mrs. Sol E. Pachter to celebrate the New Year, were all invited to Loew's Kings Theater. After the show the crowd came joyfully to the Pachter's cozy residence in Brooklyn to make merry the evening. Refreshments were served.

ORGANIZING OF THE BAND WITH DEAF BOYS

Probable it will interest the readers of the JOURNAL to learn how the late Prof. Enoch Henry Currier, when Principal of the New York (Fanwood) school discovered that a band composed of partly deaf and totally deaf could be established at Fanwood.

It was in this way, two semi-mutes, Messrs. Alexander Lester Pach and Myron Palmer, were in the playground, and for want of amusement were drumming on a stone with drum stick, and incidentally keeping perfect time. Prof. Currier at first saw them at a distance, then he came near where they were, and encouraged them to keep it up.

He was greatly interested, and remarked that if two totally deaf boys could be able to do that, there was good reason to form a band.

Later when Ambrose Reiff, the father of Anthony Reiff, a pupil, visited the school, which he frequently did, he brought up the subject about establishing a band of his pupils.

Mr. Ambrose Reiff, at that time, was a band master and much occupied, but replied that he would secure a capable instructor, if Dr. Currier so desired to make an experiment.

This was soon arranged, and the result is that ever since there has been a band composed of deaf boys at the Fanwood school.

The Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc., will tender its affair, a "January festival," on Sunday, January 10th, 1932, after the regular meeting in the evening. Admission: members, 15 cents; non-members 25 cents. The affair will be arranged under the chairmanship of Samuel Liebman.

Mrs. Lydia A. Horton, of Pennsylvania, mother of Mrs. Mayme Voorhees, girls' physical director at Fanwood, is sick in the Medical Center at 168th Street, with a complication of troubles. She would be glad to hear from any of her New York City friends. Her room is on Floor H (Metab).

The fortieth anniversary dinner of the Brooklyn Guild promises to be the best ever. Chairman Fetscher and his committee had a couple of weeks of real work and has some surprise in store. Professional talent has been promised to appear. Dancing, and the dinner itself, give all indications of being A1. Reservations are closed, and none who have not made them before will be admitted. Full particulars in next week's JOURNAL.

The Greater New York Branch of the N. A. D. will hold a special meeting at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street, this Sunday evening, January 10th, at 8 P.M., to discuss the question of continuing the existence of this branch. Members and friends are invited.

Mr. Chalmers Snably, a tutor at the Mt. Airy school, spent the Christmas holidays in New York as the guest of a schoolmate, Mr. Edward Carr. Mr. Snably was formerly connected with the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, as an instructor of tailoring.

A celebration was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dembo in Brooklyn, to welcome the New Year. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Moe Josephs, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Fogel, the Barts and Glassners, Mrs. Sam Fleischer, and Mrs. Drill.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lieber wish to announce to their friends that the stork delivered a baby-girl, weighing 8 lbs. and 3 ounces, on the December 28th, 1931, to gladden their home.

The tablet in Memory to the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has been re-bronzed, and now looks better than ever. The work was done by Samuel Murray, one of the members.

Irwin Oppenheimer and wife were guests of the former's sister, in Stamford, Ct., for three days over the New Year.

On December 4th, 1931, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Steinberg in Port Richmond, S. I.

Special Meeting

To Members and Friends of the New York Branch, N. A. D.:

A Special Meeting will be held at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th St., N. Y., on Sunday evening, January 10th, at 8 P.M., to consider:

1. The advisability of continuing the existence of this Branch.

2. "1933 Convention" matters.

This Special Meeting is bound to be of great importance to the Deaf of Greater New York and you are respectfully urged to attend.

MARCUS L. KENNEDY, Secretary.

By Order of the Board.

Pacific Northwest Services

EPISCOPAL

Rev. Olaf Hanson, Missionary

Seattle: First and third Sunday, 11 A.M., at St. Mark's Cathedral Chapel, 10th Ave. N. and E. Galer St.

Tacoma, Wash., Christ Church, January 10th, 1:15 P.M.

Vancouver, Wash., January 24th, (owing to the burning down of St. Luke's Church, the service will probably be at the chapel of the U. S. Army Post.)

Portland, Ore., January 24th, at St. Joseph's.

St. Louis

The season's greetings is extended to all the readers of the JOURNAL.

December has been a busy month among the deafdom in spite of the depression. Of course, many have had two or three days work, which helped them to have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

December 23d, the Frat Christmas Committee was busy looking up those who are in destitute circumstances and were worthy of a Christmas basket. They found about twenty-eight of them that needed help and were made happy. The Committee under the supervision of Henry Burgherr deserves our thanks.

The Silent Bereans of the Union Avenue Christians Church had twenty-five baskets loaded with good things to eat for those who might have been without a supply on Christmas Day. Every one was made happy, and they thanked the Church Committee who donated them.

December 25th, most of the St. Louisians stayed home to help on the feast or strolled to the Coliseum to see the distribution of baskets of goodies from the Post Dispatch. In the afternoon the Gallaudet Club had a party, engineered by the Misses Webers. There were games and presents to make the time merry.

December 26th, the Episcopal Church had a social and a Christmas tree. The kiddies were treated to candy and oranges.

December 27th, the Silent Bereans of the Union Christian Church had a very beautiful pageant in the presence of a very large audience about "The Birth and Babyhood of Jesus Christ."

Chairman Mrs. Blevins
Director Mrs. Schneider
Reader Mrs. Lloyd
Introductory Speaker Mrs. Stevenson
Joseph and Mary Mr. and Mrs. Fry
Zacharias and Elizabeth Mr. and Mrs. Steidman
Shepherds Herschel Johnson, Mr. Grindell, Mr. Smith
Wise Men Mr. Bryant, Mr. Stack, Mr. England
Simeon Mrs. Tapp
Anna Mrs. England
King Mr. Beck
Angel Dr. Abbott
Pianist Mr. Campbell

Thanks are due Rev. Barclay Meador, Mrs. O. Lloyd, Mr. O. A. Schneider, the interpreter, and Mrs. Kate Blevins with her assistants in making it a success.

The Rev. Barclay Meador was remembered with a beautiful table lamp, and Mrs. O. A. Schneider with a silver wrist bracelet.

December 31st, the Gallaudet Club had its annual watch night party, with a very large crowd, which kept the lunch counter busy and the waxed floor with dancers, which made the affair the more merry until late hour.

The St. Louis, N. F. S. D., No. 24, has its regular business meeting January 7th, and the Gallaudet Club January 8th. The changes of dates had to be made, on account of New Year falling on Friday.

In the last issue of the JOURNAL on St. Louis memories written by "Mr. S" he omitted in giving a description of himself, we would like to have him send a write-up of his boyhood and married life which would be interesting to the deafdom.

The Missouri and Vicinity Directory is expected to be off the press some time in January.

Mr. Sam Perlmutter, the Gallaudet Club president, who is considered to be a habitual cigar smoker has returned to the cob pipe style, in the hope of saving a sufficient fund that will enable him to have a good time at the Missouri Association for the Deaf Convention at Kansas City, starting with June 29th, ending with the Fourth of July. Why not do likewise in laying aside a dime or so each day, and you will find to your surprise what a fund you can raise.

The Gallaudet Club Movie Corp had a good crowd December 23d, as the films were very good. They gave away three baskets loaded with groceries and three live chickens to those holding the lucky tickets. The winners were made happy to have a feast on Christmas Day. The kiddies were treated to popcorn.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillard Cummers and their little baby, with Mrs. Sanderson, spent the holidays in the western part of Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haig, with their daughter, Rachel, who is a teacher at the Gallaudet Public School for the Deaf, spent the holidays with Mrs. Haig's sisters in Kirkwood, Mo. They enjoyed Christmas as the sisters, who are teachers, fixed up a good feast for them.

Rev. Charles Schubkegel, the Lutheran Missionary for the Deaf, who has been in the Lutheran Hospital for a major operation, is at home now on the way to recovery. His many friends have been calling on him with good cheers.

REKV.

St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf

Bofinger Memorial Chapel, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge. Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, Second Thursdays, 2 P.M. Lectures, first and third Sundays 7:30 P.M. Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M. Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By Andy Mack

Leap year is here. Now it is the boys to be wary of the girls. One enterprising lad has gone on record as having proposed that during leap year the girls should foot all bills for expenses.

New Year's eve was marked by a period of frolic that has seldom been witnessed in Chapel Hall. From 10 P. M. until well after 1 A. M. games, dancing, fun-making and a host of noise-makers, not to mention merry-makers, had a lot of good fun ushering the New Year in. Nearly all of the Faculty was present. When the chapel tower clock struck twelve, the class of 1932 struck their 32 strokes, a traditional custom for every graduating class.

On January 1st some of the more ambitious lads, despite the rain and cold, went to the White House to shake hands with President Hoover. It is claimed that David Davidowitz, P. C., of New Jersey; Gordon Hirsch, P. C., of Arkansas, and Lewis Backstrom, Normal student from Arizona, were second, third and fourth respectively in the hand-shaking line that numbered well over 3,000 persons.

Continuing the traditional custom, the Y. W. C. A. held an afternoon tea at Fowler Hall on January 1st. This being Leap Year the girls managed to persuade nearly every lad from College Hall to make a short call.

In the same evening a party of over seventy boys and girls, chaperoned by Miss Elizabeth Peet, went to see the film "The King of Kings" at the Y. M. C. A. To start the Leap Year right the boys went along as the guests of the girls.

During the vacation period visitors have gone in and out of Kendall Green with a great degree of regularity. Many have visited so briefly that their names have passed unnoticed. The Rhode Island School for the Deaf at Providence, R. I., was represented by Miss Adele Jensen, '30, and Miss Olive Jones, formerly of the Virginia school. Mr. John A. Deady, '28, a supervisor at the American school at Hartford, could not resist visiting his Alma Mater for a few days. Later in the week Dr. Harry Best, Normal '02, and now Professor of Sociology at the University of Kentucky, was a surprise visitor on the campus. Dr. Best is the author of a widely-known book on the deaf, published in 1914, and entitled "The Deaf." He has gathered statistics of the deaf and their problems as few other persons have done.

Re-examinations have come upon us with a startling rapidity. Fortunately are those students who successfully hurdled all of their examinations in late December, because hard and earnest study seems well high impossible with the long vacation and temptations to indulge in good times. Old man Weather has necessitated a call for all coal heavers to report for work. While snow is not apparently due for some time, the mercury has been falling of late.

In College Hall are some unpolished artists who have natural talent and with the passing of time they are expected to improve. Among this year's crop of Preps is John Leicht, registered from Chicago. In his room on the fourth floor you will see an array of hand painted pictures.

Leicht, a German-born naturalized American, has never taken lessons in painting, but he has ability earned from constant practice. Lately he has been in great demand for painting pictures of the college students, an art in which he is very adept. With four years more of college in front of him he might well be expected to improve.

In another room on the same floor an amateur "radio expert" has hooked up an eight-tube set, and with some "home-made" contraptions of his own can offer a wide selection of programs from the ether. John Slaski, a Prep from New York, and an Eagle Scout, loves to tinker with his radio and the other less fortunate boys delight to convene whenever they have the time to "feel" the program. In the same room, which is the home of three Eagle Scouts, Stanley Patrie, also from New York, has been making model aeroplanes, that might well stand exhibiting in an aeronautical exposition. While they are beautiful to look upon, all they lack is a motor and a living pilot. Aeroplanes and hydroplanes in miniature are clustered about on the bureau, that is minus a scarf. How a young kid in his early teens would like to own those planes.

Blooming poets, you ask? Louis Bruner, of California, is a newcomer into the ranks of those who aspire to write poetry. A shy and reserved youngster, Bruner is "afraid" of publicity. For some time in the past whenever something unusual happens there appears in short order on the bulletin board of College Hall some anonymous poem that deals with the happening. Collegehalls have tried in vain to guess the identity of the writer, but perhaps the closest guess is that Bruner knows more about the poems than he is willing to admit, although he refuses to name himself as the writer.

Who says that college tends to weaken the students and makes their weight drop? One lad, Arthur Ellis, a Prep from the apple growing region of

Idaho, arrived last fall, a mere bundle of 155 pounds. Turning "coal heaver" and gardener's assistant for a member of the Faculty besides joining the wrestling squad, Ellis has blossomed into a sturdy 170-pound specimen of bone and muscle.

Coach Wally Krug's Big Blues celebrated the Leap Year with a victory over the Columbus University five Saturday evening, by a 33 to 16 score. Playing on the Silver Spring high school court, a floor which a few nights before had been used for dancing, the game turned out to be a little more than a contest to decide which players could keep on their feet the longest. A slippery floor kept the score down.

What other college in the world can claim a better record than this? Of the 139 members of the student body 105 or 77.7% were present to watch this game, played on a foreign court. At the halftime both teams were deadlocked, 10 to 10.

Led by Captain George Brown, who made 13 points of his total 15 in the last half, the Big Blues swept on to victory. Wilbur Jensen, after scoring eight points, took a final skid on the slippery floor landing on his nose and had to quit the game.

Columbus put up a fine exhibition of passing, but was very weak in the shooting department.

Next Friday night, Gallaudet meets Maryland State Normal School on the Kendall Green floor. The preliminary game gets under way at 7 o'clock.

Summary:

GALLAUDET (33)	COLUMBUS (16)
Brown f. 6 3 15	Mealy f. 1 2 4
Curtis f. 0 0 0	Plant f. 1 0 2
Jensen f. 4 0 8	Dougherty f. 3 0 6
Walnoha c. 2 0 4	Rice c. 2 0 4
Antila c. 0 0 0	Dix c. g. 0 0 0
Rayhill g. 2 0 4	Denny g. 0 0 0
Monaghan g. 1 0 2	Smith g. 0 0 0
Koziah g. 0 0 0	Dolan g. 0 0 0
	Morris g. 0 0 0
	Scheele g. 0 0 0
Totals 15 3 33	Totals 7 2 16

Referee, Mr. J. Wurdemann (Gallaudet); Timer, Mr. A. Kruger (Gallaudet).

Marion Bradley, a senior, is coaching the newly created 130-pound basketball team. This team, composed of lads too small for the varsity or reserves averages 130 pounds in weight. While supported by the Athletic Association the boys are playing for pleasure and not for letters. Bradley, weakened with an old knee injury, has been unable to play football and basketball, but is having his chance at coaching the youngsters. The 130 pounders will be play under the name of Aloha Lites.

On Saturday night, Coach Harvey B. Barnes' wrestling aggregation travels to the Jewish Community Center to engage in a dozen wrestling matches.

Sound Education

The ambition of many a young person is to get an education. The ambition is worthy of pursuit. The goal is a noble one. What education is does not always stand forth in the clear. There is some cloudy vision about its meanings. Probably this comes about through a distorted conception of what education can do for a means of getting more money in an easier and quicker way. As life must be lived nowadays, this phase of education's worth must not be shoved too far into the background. There is no use in trying to escape the practical necessity for money, and any delusion that makes one blind to the advisability preparing for self-support is dangerous, writes a magazine writer.

But a sound education will go further than that. It will take into account the individual and foresee how education will add to the delights of living. To know what this means and what that does and what the other contributes to the good of the world, is a by-product of all true education. It enlarges me, elevates the desires and indicates how to satisfy them, provides an expanding outlook on the world of matter and of men, all the time, equips the individual for continuing enrichment. Out of a wide experience, a thoughtful man has written, "Sound education is both life itself and preparation for more life."

There are great quiet periods bound to come to each of us. There will be days of separation from human association. Sickness may cause this; old age is sure to bring it about. It is at such times that one's education shows its comforting, staying value. What has been stored in the mind becomes a part of us, and no separation from people or incapacity for labor can remove from us this part of ourselves. What we have arrived at in experience based on substantial interests, what traits we have developed in our quest for education, what realities have entered our storehouse as we have dug into the inexhaustible mines of learning, will never leave us. It will pay now, and it will always be paying, for us to work to acquire sound education. —Ohio Chronicle.

Mrs. Fred Parker (Helen Atkins) sailed for Florida, Tuesday morning, on the S. S. Cherokee. She will stay at the paternal home in St. Petersburg for about three months.

Wise men learn from fools, but fools never learn from wise men.

FANWOOD

Monday, January 4th, the pupils returned to school, refreshed from their holiday recess and with tales of happy events and how kind Santa was to them. Of the teachers, we note the following:

Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Fox passed Christmas and New Year's Days out of town,

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Christmas and New Year's days are over, so let us carry on the work with renewed energy and make every home happy with JOURNAL news.

Mr. Wilson Crocker, of Mount Dennis, a bosom friend of Mr. Sydney Pack, was a very interested visitor at our service on December 20th. In what he heard and saw, he is a strong believer in the combined system as the best and greatest stimulation towards injecting the best understanding, the greatest happiness, and the most thorough learning that the deaf can enjoy in this life. Mr. Crocker, who is a fine and clever young man with wide experience, was best man at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Pack.

Mr. Harry Sloan, of Churchill, motored down to this city on December 23d to meet his deaf brother, Wallace, upon the latter's arrival from the Belleville school, and both then speeded for home to enjoy the yuletide recess amid their home scenes.

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, came over and spent December 23d at "Mora Glen," and left the same evening for her parental home at Horning Mills, where she enjoyed Christmas and New Year recess very pleasantly. The company for which she works at the "Cataract City" gave all its employees a "holiday" from December 23d to January 4th.

Our popular twins, the Misses Esther and Margaret Bowen, were in "clover" on the evening of December 22d. The firm for whom they work entertained all of its employees to a gala dance and great time, which lasted until a late hour next morning. They say they had a great evening of fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Harris went up to spend Christmas with the former's parents in Simcoe, and had a pleasant time, returning home late Sunday evening. They went and returned by train to Brantford, and then by trolley car to Simcoe.

There was a very comfortable turnout at our service on December 20th, when Mr. William Bridgen, brother of our late superintendent, gave a very convincing sermon on the joys of giving, especially in a Christ-like spirit. Such a joy it was to God to give His Son for the redemption of mankind and to make our lives more harmonious and happy—and this is the season when we should emulate this very love and happy-piercing spirit. Mr. Ernest Peterkin very ably interpreted in her exemplary way.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, with their uncle, living next door to "Mora Glen," went out to Jarvis early Christmas morning to join in the annual Christmas family reunion, at which nearly seventy attended. They returned home in the wee, sma' hours of the following morning, in their cousin's automobile, and truly had a fine time.

The lovely mother of Mrs. Sydney Pack, who is down here from Connaught Station for a lengthy sojourn, is becoming more and more acquainted with the deaf here, and finds it a great delight to mingle with them at all big gatherings. We love to convert hitherto unknown strangers into warm personal friends.

While working at fever heat in the post office during the yuletide avalanche, Mr. Harry E. Grooms, one of the sorting clerks, was apprised of his father's illness, so on Christmas morn he, with his family, made a fast motor trip down to Nanapan, where they spent the day at the sick bedside, returning home the same evening, but on December 28th, word came that his father had died that morning, so Harry and family left again to attend the funeral.

Since the Bowen sisters took up the pleasant duty of rendering solos at our services, they have overcome their original stage fright. Their rendition of "All Glory Be to Jesus Christ," at the Bridgen service on December 20th, was very graceful and beckoning.

Miss Florence Bagby, with her two brothers, Fred and Joseph, went up to Burks Falls to enjoy their Christmas dinner and cheer under their parental roof, but were surprised to find it much colder, with deep, driving snow up that way. Florence went snowshoeing one afternoon, over the frozen crests and amid the evergreens of the northland.

Mr. Wesley E. Ellis gave a very entertaining and well-defined address at our Bible Class on December 23d, that stamped this young beginner with every prospect of a coming influential speaker. Experiencing in this way counts much in one's future ability.

The regular train that pulled into the union station shortly after five on the afternoon of December 23d had two comfortably filled coaches of young scholars from the Belleville school, who came up to spend the yuletide holidays with their beloved ones at home. After the Toronto quota had detrained, the rest left for their various homes in the northern, western, and southern parts of the Province.

Miss Evelyn Durant went up to Guelph, where she spent the yuletide recess with her folks at home.

Mr. John McGillivray and his nephew, Mr. William Peterman, motored in from Purpleville on December 3d, and had dinner at "Mora Glen."

They brought in a truck load of products of the farm for the former's brothers and sisters here.

Among our mission speakers who go out during January we may note Wesley Ellis, to Brantford, and Walter Bell, to Oshawa, both on the 17th; and Charles A. Elliott, to Hamilton, on the 24th. Mr. Walter Bell will speak here on January 24th.

HORNING MILLS HUMOR

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton were delighted to have their daughter, Helen, home from Niagara Falls for the yuletide recess.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Aldcorn (nee Isabel Sherritt) have named their first-born Marian Isabel Aldcorn. Their deaf sisters, Miss Barbara Aldcorn and Miss Susie Sherritt, are doing fine at their respective homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton motored down to Creemore on December 22d, and shipped a large box of Christmas cheer to the latter's aged mother and sisters in Huntsville.

Contrary to his intentions, Mr. Thomas Caswell did not go out to St. Thomas to spend Christmas with relatives, but enjoyed the time with the Middletons.

As December 20th was a grand day and the roads perfect for motoring, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Middleton decided to go for a long auto ride, so made off for the Sherritt farm, where they spent the day very pleasantly.

A great flurry of excitement was stirred up at Conover Corners the other day. The Middleton farm borders on this corner, and on the day in question, a car containing two men came tearing down the road and ran into a deep snowdrift at this corner. So deep did it plough into the drift that they could neither proceed nor back out. One of the men hurried over to a nearby farmhouse and asked for a team of horses to yank out the stalled machine, and Hector Armstrong responded with a pair of heavy draughts and soon had the car out on the main road. Paying the young farmer \$2.50 for his obliging service, the two strangers made off at a lively gait, while Mr. Armstrong went home again, feeling he had rendered a samaritan act, but utterly ignorant of who the two men were until a few days later when he learned through the public press that these two men were the notorious bandits who robbed the Angus post office and the Aurora branch of the Bank of Commerce of over \$3000. That the car he had hauled out of the snow bank was a stolen machine and that the \$2.50 he had received from them was part of the stolen loot, that this very car was a veritable gold mine of plundered wealth, and that had he effected the arrest of these two men instead of assisting them, he would have received a liberal reward. But the fate of these two bandits was doomed. A few days later the scrutinous eyes of Detective Chisholm, of the Toronto Police Force, spotted one of them in a shoe department, and not only was this bandit, but his pal in crime as well, were soon under arrest. The latter bandit was on the eve of leaving to spend Christmas with his parents in England, when the long and puissant arm of the law intervened, and, instead of crossing the herring pond, he and his partner just crossed the Don River, enroute to the grey walls of the Provincial penitentiary at Kingston, to meditate on their folly during the next fifteen years, and feel a dozen cutting lashes of the strop. The Armstrong farm is directly across the road from the Middletons, and Mr. Middleton only wishes he had made himself wise and figured in the reward.

Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite in Windsor, for nearly a week lately.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ball, Mrs. Cas. Sadows, and Mrs. John Braithwaite to dinner one evening lately, in honor of Miss Ada James, and as all were former schoolmates together at Belleville, a very pleasant time was spent working up stories of the northland.

Messrs. J. A. Braithwaite, of Windsor, and Oliver Babby, of Detroit, alternate in conducting services for the deaf in one of the Baptist churches in Detroit at present, and their meetings are well attended.

Mrs. William Riberdy and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite went down and attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Arthur White in Strathroy on December 4th, and afterwards remained there a few days with Miss Julia White as company and comforters. These two, along with Mr. and Mrs. William Wark and Miss Jean Wark, of Wyoming, and Miss Edith Squires, of Petrolia, were the only deaf who were present at the funeral.

While visiting in the Border cities lately, Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas, took dinner and tea and made calls at the homes of her school associates, Mesdames A. Lobsinger, J. E. Crough, George MacDonald, G. Berthiaume, F. Owens, L. Laporte, and M. Gagne (nee Marie Lequille), and had a lovely time everywhere.

As many side-correspondents have sent various items to the writer from various parts of western Canada, they are hereby given in condensed form under the above heading.

Miss Annie Buffum, of Berchard, Sask., had a nice visit from her old schoolmate, Miss Minnie Skeriton, of Regina, lately. These two are bosom friends.

Mr. Stephen Baikow has returned to his seven-hundred-acre farm near Fork River, Man., after a few weeks' sojourn with relatives and old friends in Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, looking much refreshed.

Of all the deaf in British Columbia none were busier than friend George P. Riley, of the Victoria post office. He had a herculean time keeping pace with the great onrush of Christmas mail. But now George is taking it easy.

From Mildred, Sask., comes the news that Miss Albina Svoboda has been burdened with so much sewing to complete orders she receives from all around. Being an expert with the needle, Albina's service is much sought—not only at home, but in adjacent towns.

It is nearly thirty years since our old friend, Mr. James Armstrong, of Vancouver, B. C., left Jarvis, Ont., and drifted up this way. He has prospered to such an extent that it would require a king's ransom to induce him to go east again.

Our champion deaf wrestler, Mr. Robert Hartnell, is doing very well up at Moon Lake, Alta., north of Edmonton, and is anxious to meet any wrestler in a friendly tussle. Working on his father's large farm under ideal conditions has made friend Robert a coming samson.

Up near Innisfil, Alta., there is a deaf man who, we regret to state, has a very scant education, and as he is well up in years, his future, as far as his learning is concerned, is beyond the reaches of intelligence. We understand his name is Mr. Thirsdall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Leslie and family are now located in Winnipeg. Mr. Leslie comes from Listowel, Ont., while Mrs. Leslie, formerly Miss Rose Moore, originally lived at Milton, Ont., and both are graduates of the Belleville school of the nineties. Since coming west they have had quite a roaming career, first homesteading at Foam Lake, Sask., then at Cupar Lake, Sask., then at Spruce Lake, Sask., then Selkirk, Man., and finally moving to Winnipeg. They had a family of six, but two are now deceased.

The new officers of the Vancouver Branch of the Western Canada Association of the Deaf are as follows:

President, Mr. David Peikoff; Vice-President, Mr. George Sutherland; and Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas Noble. Mrs. Noble is a former Ontario girl and a graduate of the Belleville school.

Messrs. Walter Molinsky and Edward Reinborn of Regina are still out of work. They are printers by trade, and recently motored up and visited the new school at Saskatoon and met our old friend, Mr. R. J. D. Williams. On their return, they called on the Waughns in Moose Jaw.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Miss Nellie Dickson, of Montreal South, has returned home after a very pleasant visit with friends in New York City, where she had a wonderful time.

Before going to Springfield, Mr. Mary E. Crozier was invited for dinner and tea at the Gleadings in amilton, and had a very good time. Mrs. Crozier also attended a Christmas community entertainment in Hagersville, on December 19th, where she had a lovely time.

Over thirty years ago, Mr. David S. Luddy, of Burlington, Cal., was down in Arizona trying to make the grade in the oil fields, when the boom was just at its height. How he fared in the rush we have not been told.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

D. Crosby Foster

D. Crosby Foster, a prominent citizen of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and a trustee of the Gallaudet Home, died Sunday night, December 27th, in Vassar Hospital of injuries received in an automobile accident Christmas Eve. He was about fifty-eight years old. He was very much interested in the Gallaudet Home and was an active trustee and attended the meetings quite regularly in New York City. His wife is also a trustee and has acted as president of the Board of Lady Managers for many years.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, December 30th, at his late residence and interment was in the family plot in the Poughkeepsie Rural Cemetery. Service at both places were conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. Addison Jones, of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the Rev. Dr. F. B. Whitcome, of the Episcopal Church. Many friends and relatives paid their last respects to the deceased. Miss K. I. Martin, matron; Miss L. B. Allen, assistant matron; and Francis W. Nubser represented the Gallaudet Home.

F. W. N.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

168 West 86th Street

New York City

Correspondent of

LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

Basketball and Dance

Auspices

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE



at

ALHAMBRA HALL

Seventh Avenue Corner West 126th Street

Saturday Evening, February 13, 1932

Basketball game at 9 P.M.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

vs.

PHILADELPHIA N. F. S. D.

GOOD MUSIC

Tickets, 75 cents

At door, \$1.00

Plan to have gold in your pocket when there's silver in your hair!

Don't say, it's a bother or that you can't afford it. You don't know!

Let me show you the best life-insurance investment you will ever get.

No extra charge for deafness. Free medical examination.

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK GUARDIAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Office: 114 West 27th St., N. Y. Residence: 1801 Seventh Ave.

LEAP YEAR PARTY

Auspices of the

V. B. G. A.

Saturday, January 9, 1932

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

Admission, \$1.00 Refreshments Free

BASKETBALL & DANCE

Auspices of

Brownsville Silent Club

to be held at the

Stuyvesant High School

15th St. and 1st Ave., New York City

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1932

at 7:30 P.M.

Interscholastic Championship

FANWOOD A. A.

vs. ST. JOSEPH A. A.

PHILADELPHIA CLUB of Philadelphia

BROWNVILLE SILENTS (Best Xavier Silents, 1931)

Admission, Tickets, 50c At door, 50c

PRIZES SOUVENIRS

ANNUAL COSTUME CARNIVAL

Under auspices of

Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street New York City

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1932

Dancing, Music, Confetti, Etc.

Admission, 75c. per person \$1.00 per couple

Detroit Association of the Deaf Third floor, 4 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

F. W. N.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays.

Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Many Reasons Why You Should be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday in each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary, 1567 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 37

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, John N. Funk, 1913 Fowler Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Louis C. Saracino, 686 St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 988 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y. Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Cleric Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865

3120 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members. Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms. Arthur Fowler, President; William H. Lipsett, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Irving Blumenthal, President; William Schurman, Secretary, 1700 Carroll Street, Brooklyn.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

119 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church services every Sunday at 3 P.M.

Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Office Hours—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th Street, New York City

Club Rooms open the year round.

Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Jacob M. Ebin, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 31—Halloween Party. Mrs. E. Schrakenberg.

November 21—Harvest Food Sale. Miss G. Williams.

December 26—Christmas Festival. Mrs. C. Fitzpatrick.

Chairman, MRS. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

Evangelical Assn. of the Deaf

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.

Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hop. and Eighth Streets, Room 15.

Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf

JOINT BALL

Auspices of

Newark Division, No. 42 and Jersey City Div., No. 91

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

at

ODD FELLOWS HALL

BERGEN SQUARE, CORNER ACADEMY STREET

Jersey City, N. J.

Saturday, January 23, 1932

UNSURPASSED MUSIC

Admission, including wardrobe, - One Dollar

Cash prizes awarded for contests

Directions to Hall.—From New York, Bronx, Brooklyn and Newark, take Hudson and Manhattan tubes to Journal Square and walk two blocks to Hall.

CASH PRIZES FOR COSTUMES

THIRD ANNUAL

MASQUERADE BALL

under auspices of

Paterson Silent Social Club

to be held at

ST. BONIFACE HALL

Main and Slater Streets, Paterson, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 30, 1932

at eight o'clock

MUSIC BY SAAL'S SOCIETY ORCHESTRA

Admission, including Wardrobe - - - 50 Cents

Directions.—From Newark, take the trolley car No. 17 at Public Service Terminal and get off at Main and Slater Streets. From New York take the Hudson River car at Fort Lee and get off at Broadway and Main Streets. Walk up Main Street to the Hall or take Erie R. R. and get off at Paterson. Walk on Market Street to Main Street, turn left to the hall.

COMMITTEE.—Mr. Nightingale, Chairman, Messrs. Bennett, Poline, Grant and Battersby.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

ATHLETIC MEET BASKETBALL and DANCE

Auspices

Xavier Ephpheta Society

Organized 1902—Incorporated 1913

at the

69th REGIMENT ARMORY

Lexington Avenue and 25th Street, New York City

BASKETBALL

D. M. UNION LEAGUE

Silent Five—1931 Winner

vs.

OAKS SILENT FIVE